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Rev. Henry Marden.

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MEMORIAL

OF

REV. HENRY MARDEN,

GIVEN AT THE REUNION

OF THE

McCOLLOM INSTITUTE,

MONT VERNON, N. H.,

August 21, 1890.

BY

REV. F. G. CLARK.

CONCORD, N. H.:
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MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

REV. F. G. CLARK.

As we engage in the joyful festivities of this reunion, the duty of the hour calls our thoughts away from the present, that we may pay a slight tribute of affection and esteem to the memory of one who fifteen years ago stood in our midst and shared in the privileges of the day. He also anticipated a like experience this year, when a few weeks ago he turned his face homeward after almost twelve years' absence in the land of the Orient. There are many things in his missionary life that would interest not only his former friends, but all present; but the briefest outline only can be given at this time.

Henry Marden, son of Samuel and Phebe (Noyes) Marden, was born in New Boston, December 9, 1837. After attending Francestown Academy two or three terms, he came to this institution in the spring of 1858, and finished his preparatory studies the following summer

under Mr. Berry's instruction. He was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1862, and then engaged in teaching for four years, one term in New Boston, two years at Bradford, Mass., and two years as principal of the Hitchcock High School, Brimfield, Mass. Having in this way paid his college bills, he entered Andover Theological Seminary, and was graduated in 1869. He was ordained at Francestown, September 2 of the same year, as a missionary of the American Board, and sailed for Aintab, Central Turkey, September 11. He married, September 10, Mary L., daughter of Dea. Sumner L. Cristy, of New Boston, and a graduate of this academy, who died at Aintab, October 1, 1874, leaving two children. He married (2) October 1, 1878, Alice M. Kingsbury, of Francestown, who died October 17, 1879. He married (3) December 28, 1882, Etta C. Doane, of Owosso, Mich., a teacher in the Girls' College at Marash. He returned to this country in June, 1875, with two little motherless children, and was engaged for a time in making missionary addresses in Maine with Rev. William Warren, D. D. He was acting pastor at Francestown, 1876–1877, and at Dummerstown, Vt., 1877–1878, returning to

his mission field in October, 1878, having his home at Marash.

After almost twelve years of continuous and exhaustive service, he was granted leave of absence for a year, and started, April 17, 1890, with his wife and daughter to return to his New England home, for which he had the strongest attachment, and to visit his son who had been in this country for two years. But his system had been so reduced by his incessant work, that when attacked by fever on the steamer from Smyrna he could not throw it off, and he died at Athens, May 13.

Dr. Strong, of the American Board, says that "every kindness and attention was shown him by Dr. and Mrs. Kalopothakes, missionaries at Athens, and by other friends, and that he had the best of medical care and nursing." The Greek prime minister, Mr. Tricoupi, and his sister, as well as the American minister, Mr. Snowden, also showed the most sympathetic interest and attention. The United States consul at Athens, Mr. Manatt, writes in touching terms of the event, and of the sympathy awakened throughout the American community in the city, and of their purpose to endow an American ward

in the Hospital Evangelismos in memory of Mr. Marden. He says,—"His remains rest in the beautiful Greek cemetery, almost in the shadow of Hymettus on the one side and the Acropolis on the other, with the blue Aegean sea lying just beyond. We could ask for no dearer resting-place for our mortality when we have worn it out."

Although Mr. Marden was a farmer's son he never had a strong constitution, yet he was remarkably free from serious sickness. Some of you will remember his slight form, his earnest face, and his buoyant step, indicating his decision of character and hopeful disposition. He was a diligent and conscientious student, and laid here a good foundation for his future usefulness.

His moral courage, which was so severely tested in later years, was well illustrated in his early Christian experience at Francestown Academy. There was no special religious interest at the time, but his mind was awakened, and he felt that he ought to be a Christian. He was an entire stranger to the pastor of the church, but he went one evening to his house, and, after passing and repassing his door several times, he

overcame his natural timidity, and entered, and explained the object of his call. One who knew him intimately here at the academy says,— "From my earliest acquaintance with Mr. Marden he impressed me with his manly Christian character and devotion to his Master's service. He was the first of my classmates to talk with me on the subject of personal religion, and this readiness to do personal work was characteristic of his life in college and while teaching. Every place where he taught school for any length of time enjoyed a season of special religious interest." Rev. Charles M. Palmer, of Westminster, Mass., who knew him intimately in college and while teaching, bears this testimony concerning his early life and character: "I first knew him as a classmate, and later as a room-mate, in college. I was at once attracted toward him as an earnest Christian of positive convictions, as conscientious and firm in adhering to the right as he saw it. In religious services we always counted on his presence and help. In Christian work he was ready and efficient, assisting not only in college, but in the village Sunday-school and in district meetings. Faithfulness and earnestness marked him not only in religious duties, but in

his student life. He was fearless in the utterance of his convictions, and anything that looked like sham or compromise received his sarcastic rebukes. In school he twice followed me as teacher, and won the love and respect of his pupils. His energy and decision were felt in the school-room as a moral tonic, rebuking wrong and encouraging the right always and everywhere. He was the same active Christian here as in a foreign field, and he had the pleasure of helping many of his pupils into a genuine Christian experience, or of aiding them to become pronounced and witnessing Christians."

Mr. Marden had a remarkably varied and trying experience in his missionary life. His personal bereavements were terribly severe, and would have broken down completely many a true Christian; but he worked bravely on, refusing to come home until it was an absolute necessity. There were so few missionaries in the Central Turkey Mission, when he went there twenty years ago, that he had very little assistance in acquiring the language, and for some years he was the only one who wore a hat within sixty miles of Aintab. This separation from other missionaries gave him a heavy load of responsi-

bility to carry. The missionaries in this field are not pastors of churches, but are superintendents of the various forms of church and school work. Mr. Marden states the demands made upon him very clearly in a letter written July 3, 1873: "To look after the various interests of nearly forty of these Protestant communities scattered over a region as large as New England; to furnish them with suitable preachers, and see that they suitably preach; to organize both boys' and girls' schools and keep them in running order; to furnish a constant supply of school and religious books; to superintend the building of churches and school-houses; and, in general, to look after the thousand and one miscellaneous affairs of mission work, and, in addition, to teach a theological seminary and get up a college—to do all this, we have just three ordained missionaries and a missionary physician. A mere corporal's guard. We are working with all our strength, but at some points the enemy is actually gaining upon us."

In one of his last letters, he says,—"I find that during the year ending to-day, I have been absent from home one hundred and eighty-nine days, and have travelled over fifteen hundred

miles on horseback, visiting forty-three cities and towns which have Christian communities. Only a part of these places as yet have Protestant congregations, but I have personal relations with the people in them all."

In 1887 he wrote,—"I have been absent from home half of the time for a year, coming and going a few weeks at a time. I have just been away twelve days, visiting thirteen villages, preaching five sermons, administering the communion twice, receiving fourteen to the church, baptizing five, holding a dozen religious services of various kinds, proclaiming the Gospel in a great variety of circumstances—sometimes to a peasant alone by his plow, and sometimes literally on the house-top to a congregation of eager listeners."

In 1881 he writes,—"My present duties are the superintending of eleven Protestant schools in Marash with nearly six hundred scholars; and the special care of the preparatory school of forty young men, twenty of whom I picked up in various places and put into the school to be educated for teachers and preachers. I have preached nearly every Sabbath for six months, and have had the usual amount of miscellaneous

work to do. The longer I stay here, the more I am interested in the mission work and the better I like it. I am glad to see the new interest in home missions. I wish I could go to New Mexico or to Dakota, and I should have gone if I had not come here. I am satisfied, however, to spend my life here, and, though I long so inexpressibly for the home-land and home friends, I am sure that nothing could induce me to leave the work while I am able to stay. I have had no soft place: my life has been among the roughest, yet I like it for the Master's sake." At another time, he gives this account of his work: "On my last trip I visited twelve Armenian villages, preached in three old Armenian churches to the Armenian congregations at the invitation of the priests. We held some sort of religious services several times a day, and generally with crowded houses evenings. The people were very kind to us. They would in almost every case turn the goats out of doors, clean the pen with shovel and broom, and spread chaff over the damp floor, and then give us the place for reception and bed-room. When there was no separate goat-pen, they allowed us to occupy the same room with the family while the animals

were tethered in different corners,—I mean the larger ones, for the smaller animals seemed to be at liberty to go where they pleased. The fire would be in the centre of the room with a hole in the roof above, but the smoke was fearful, as only a small part found its way out. Despite these grotesque surroundings, I was deeply interested in the poor people that crowded around us whenever we offered to read the Bible. Some had never heard it before in a language they could understand, and they listened as for their lives. We have one hundred and one Armenian communities in the Marash district, and there are about thirty thousand Armenians in my field. I ask for no nobler work than this hovel preaching, notwithstanding its discomforts when viewed from our stand-point. Much good seed was sown, but I know not whether this, or that, will prosper."

His letters were always hopeful, though often written in the midst of distracting and painful experiences. That he was disposed to bear with composure and cheerfulness the little annoyances of missionary touring is shown by this extract from a letter written early in his missionary life:

"I would like to see the Yankee who could

sleep his first night in a Turkish town. It is worse than a Fourth of July night in a New England college. Every village is full of fierce, wolfish dogs, owned by nobody. They sleep days and bark nights, and Turkish cocks commence crowing at nine in the evening and continue till after daylight, and their shrill notes would shame into silence any specimens we have at home. The cats, also, are almost as numerous and noisy as the dogs; and then, the donkeys!—they must show you, now and then, how to sing the scale; but they all flat from the key on the last notes. We heard the jackals howling on the hills close by us, the horses were champing and stamping just below the thin floor, and then, the fleas!—what can I say of them? They tasted us quite freely the first night, but reserved their principal meal for the night following. I once supposed fleas were little things beneath the notice of men of sense, but I can speak now more intelligently, even from a biting experience!"

In his missionary tours he was often exposed to attacks by robbers, who frequent the mountain passes. Once, when threatened by a party of six or eight, he dashed up to a point that

commanded their hiding-place, and covered them with his Winchester rifle until his party had passed on to a safe distance.

Another most thrilling experience can be told best in his own words:

"The other day I started to escort Miss Hollister to Hadjin, a hundred miles away. Twenty miles north of Marash we were trailing down the side of the mountain, Miss Hollister on her horse, my little boy Jesse, Hagop my cook, and myself, on foot leading our animals, and the muleteers with loads of Miss Hollister's goods an hour or so in the rear, when, as I turned a point in the path, I saw a robber, with his face masked and heavily armed, rushing down the steep at our left to cut off our path in front, while three others were scrambling up the hill to get in behind us. It was easy to take in the whole situation at a glance: it was surrender or fight: there was no escape. It was not in me to surrender to such a vagabond. How quick a man can think at such a time! I had never had just such an experience, but always supposed that my first impulse would be to take to my heels. I drew up my rifle, and told the fellow to stop or I would shoot him dead. He sprang

behind a tree, and turned his gun on me. I told him if he injured me an iota all Zeitoon would take vengeance on him. Then the fellow came out from behind the tree, and said,—'Oh, Mr. Marden, let me come and shake hands with you; let us be friends! This is a shame,' etc. I kept my rifle turned on him, and repeated my threat while I sent my party along down the hill, slowly following after. The man again took aim at me from behind a rock, but I turned on him in defiance, and told him that if he fired a shot, or came near me, he was a dead man, for I had sixteen bullets in my rifle and five in my revolver, and they were all waiting for him. We kept up this interchange of courtesies for a long while, and they took deliberate aim at me at least twenty times. At length we heard the caravan coming down over the hills, and the robbers left in a hurry. I shall never forget my sensation as I looked into the dark muzzle of the robber's gun when he first pointed it at me from behind a tree. Don't let the friends at home feel anxious about us, as I have been here a dozen years nearly, and this is the first genuine attack from robbers. I have a good deal of confidence in the silent influence of the rifle

and the revolver, but these of themselves would avail nothing. What saved us was the hand of the Master, who always finds a way of escape for those who trust in him. The government is weaker and more inefficient than ever, if comparisons are possible. Murders, robberies, and all sorts of villainy are very common, and, of course, but little is done to punish the offenders. Why God permits this government to continue is a mystery; yet, personally, we are on pleasant terms with the individual officers, though we disapprove so much their principles and methods."

From 1878 to 1886 Mr. Marden was one of the professors in the Theological Seminary at Marash, giving instruction in Greek and Hebrew, with lectures in exegesis. In 1885 he was secretary of the Board of Managers of the Girls' College at Marash, and for several years he was a trustee of the Aintab College, and American consular agent for the Marash district. He seemed peculiarly fitted for diplomatic service, both by correspondence and by personal interview. He knew how to deal with the Oriental mind in a way to gain his object and to retain the good will of the officials. He

was especially fitted to be the leading officer of the mission by his good judgment and executive ability. His suggestions received the thoughtful attention of the board, and in various plans of missionary operations that were proposed his ideas were often adopted.

He was the first missionary to locate his dwelling outside the city walls at Aintab, buying the land and building his own house; but, later, the mission took the land, and the location has long been called Marden's hill. The plan of bringing the missionary families together at some leading city for mutual assistance and comfort was essentially his, thus giving them a feeling of security when the missionaries were away from home.

Mr. Marden made important discoveries of Hittite inscriptions and sculptures in the Marash district, and a paper prepared by him has been printed in the United States Consular reports, and copies of the inscriptions have been sent to the American Oriental Society and to the British Museum.

The most prominent service rendered by him in the cause of humanity was in the capacity of an emergency committee in times of war, fire,

and famine. In a little more than five years the Marash district suffered from five great conflagrations and one famine, and each time the poor sufferers looked away to Christian lands for help, and never looked in vain. They would have been utterly overwhelmed, had not the missionaries called to their aid the sympathy and money of English speaking people. Thousands of dollars were thus contributed, and were wisely expended under Mr. Marden's direction.

In delivering the rebellious city of Zeitoon from destruction he did a most heroic and self-denying act. The story is briefly this: The city of Zeitoon, which has a population of ten thousand nominal Christians, was in open rebellion against the Turkish government, being driven to beggary and desperation by the merciless exactions and extortions of the Turkish rulers, who make it a point to rob the Christian population. A large force of troops were on their way to destroy Zeitoon and its inhabitants, being impelled by love of plunder and hatred of Christianity, when Mr. Marden was asked by the English consul and the Turkish governor at Aleppo to go to Zeitoon and seek

to adjust the difficulties without bloodshed. He at once started, with two native guides, on his hazardous mission for Zeitoon, which is situated among the wild peaks of the upper Taurus. The way was infested by Moslem robbers and outlaws, but he passed them all and entered Zeitoon in safety, and, after holding a conference with the outlaws and rebels for a full week, he succeeded in adjusting their wrongs to such a degree that they capitulated and signed pledges of loyalty. The city was saved, the prisoners were all released, taxes were reduced seventy-five per cent., robber rebels on the mountains were all pardoned, and a general state of good feeling was the result. Mr. Marden received an official note of thanks for services rendered in the interests of peace, from the English consul and the Turkish governor-general.

In 1887, when Zeitoon was so nearly destroyed by the fire which burned twelve hundred houses, seven churches, and nine school buildings, leaving eight thousand people homeless, Mr. Marden was the first to reach them with aid and comfort, taking with him from Marash a ton and a half of native bread for their immediate wants. He at

once set the people to work, buying land and putting up houses for the most destitute, whether Protestant, Catholic, or Armenian, and giving them their rent until they were able to pay. He also assisted nearly three hundred men in building their houses, furnishing in most cases the timber while they built the walls of stone or mud-brick. He also had charge of rebuilding the church, parsonage, and school buildings, spending several months in the city and having personal oversight of all the building operations. "You can have," he says, "but a small idea of the trouble of putting up buildings here compared with such experience in America. I have stood over this work from daylight till dark the whole time, having often sixty men at work, and hardly one could be trusted to drive a nail with instructions."

His experience, later, during the famine was most trying, there were so many applicants for help and so much suffering, while the means at hand were so insufficient for their immediate needs. The condition of many villages was most deplorable. In one neighborhood, the entire population were living on boiled thistles with nothing else whatever. In another village, the

starving people tried to keep body and soul together with bread made of a mixture of earth and cracked wheat, and the people were wandering about over the mountains in search of thistles, or browsing the bushes like goats. Writing of these experiences, he says,—"Multitudes of poor hungry creatures came to our door, with pale, pinched faces, and begged for bread. We could not send them away empty, and we gave one cent each to the most destitute. In a few days twenty-five hundred were in this way supplied with the price of a small loaf of bread. Last week we employed eighty-five men in grading our mission grounds, changing the men every two days so as to help a large number, and many of them would go hungry all day so as to carry more bread-money home at night. Nearly every hour of the day swarms of Armenians, Turks, and Koords have stood about our door begging for bread." This is but a glimpse of the incessant care and anxiety that attended our brother in these last years of his service. It is a wonder that he withstood the pressure so long. It was evidently his strong will and love for the work that kept him up until he turned his face homeward, and then he was too exhausted to rally.

His life was a noble, self-sacrificing one, and his influence for good will be felt for years to come among the villages and cities of Central Turkey.

There was unfeigned sorrow among all classes of believers when the tidings reached the mission that Mr. Marden was dead. A meeting of the little band of surviving missionaries, on reception of the news, is spoken of as most touching and precious, while the public services in the largest church were attended by many more than could possibly enter the building.

The address was by one of the native pastors who had been most intimately associated with Mr. Marden in his missionary tours, and was simply perfect, in the estimation of one of the missionaries, who writes,—"Having truly known Mr. Marden at heart, he gave it with all the tenderness of an own brother." Among other qualifications which made him most successful in his work, the speaker mentioned these: "His careful attention to little things. This, while sometimes trying to people with whom he worked, was a characteristic that helped him in his usefulness. In his peculiar department his efficiency was resultant largely from his patient, untiring attention to details. He saw in preachers and teach-

ers little excellences and deficiences, and encouraged, or rebuked, accordingly. He took in quickly the character of people by little ways or utterances; he knew them by their dress or room arrangements, as few but a woman would have been able to notice at all. He was very careful to state every little thing definitely, and thus avoided much after difficulty, though it cost him severe personal effort at the time. He knew how to adapt himself in a wonderful degree to all classes of people for personal conversation. Be it the rude villager, the polite lawyer, the preacher, some high governmental official, or some bashful woman or school-boy, he knew how to get them interested quickly, get them to talking, and to turn all to a good, wholesome, moral or spiritual lesson, without their having the feeling that he had been preaching to them: for the time he was one of their set, and drew them up to his own ideal. Few, if any, missionaries have had as much influence as he upon the Moslems. He knew and remembered people, individually, from different villages, from a territory as large as New England. Many, many long and wearisome days that ran into weeks were spent, when on his tours, in getting hold of individuals by

going to them in their shops or gardens, and by gathering about him a group on some roof in the summer evening, or in the dark, dirty, smoky village home in winter time. He could talk about their affairs, reconcile their petty difficulties, read and explain Scripture, pray and sing with them, going from group to group till the native preacher was quite tired out, and thus reaching an uncounted number with the leaven of the Gospel. He was very practical and constant in his efforts for the education of the young. Many a boy has he worked hard to release from the relatives, and brought into the home opened for village boys in his own yard; then he fathered them, and Mrs. Marden mothered them, all through their preparation for college. Seven thus picked up were graduated this year from college, and others have taken a partial course and are now in village work as teachers and preachers. What he did for boys he was ready to do for girls, and in college work he took the deepest interest, being always ready to drop his pen and listen to matters presented for his advice.

"He was most considerate of the poor and sick. During the famine in the region, he, sooner

than others, knew the distress and took measures to secure relief, and, when secured, wisely distributed it. In leaving one of the villages at one time, he went a half hour out of his way to visit a sick man. Finding him in a wretched hovel, he sat down by him on the bare earth floor, took his hand, talked kindly to him, called for water and bathed his face, repeated Scripture, and with tears in his eyes prayed for him, and later arranged for suitable food to be sent to him.

"Such was the regard with which he was held, that even Armenians from distant villages broke down with unfeigned and uncontrollable grief when told that their missionary friend was dead. Such will be the feeling of very many all about the mountains where our brother was so well known."

The following are extracts from the words of appreciation and sympathy on the part of his missionary associates in Central Turkey:

Rev. W. W. Mead writes,—"We shall feel his loss greatly here in the mission; and the simple-hearted villagers will wait many a day before a more diligent and faithful missionary will come to look after them. In this work I think Mr. Marden had no equal in his self-

denying and exhaustive touring among them to bring to their minds a knowledge of the Lord Jesus."

Dr. F. D. Shepard, of Aintab, says,—"Many native friends mourn with us here at Aintab. Quite a number have come to our house with tears in their eyes to ask if the sad news was true. One, a bright, influential young man, came to-day, saying,—'Mr. Marden was my spiritual father: through him I was born anew in Christ, and I loved him more than my father in the flesh.' Pastor Marderos seemed deeply moved at the news. I could mention a score of native friends who have expressed their sorrow in touching, heartfelt words, and I cannot help feeling how great will be the sorrow in Zeitoon and the mountain villages, among which our brother has spent so much earnest endeavor and built up so many little churches."

From Rev. L. H. Adams come these words: "A solemn vacancy in my own home could scarcely have left a much deeper wound than the terrible news from Athens of Brother Marden's death. His was a most righteous soul, ever loyal to justice and right, and still compassionate toward the transgressor. His like is as rare

as it was precious and unique, in these days of a severe famine of moral courage, and I mourn his departure accordingly."

Rev. C. S. Sanders speaks thus of him: "My connection with Brother Marden has always been very pleasant. I have, for a long time, considered him the most successful general missionary in our field, and strong in the very point where most of us (I speak of the male missionaries) are weak—in the matter of personal contact with the natives for religious conversation, influence, etc. I judge that very few out of a large number of missionaries have ever had the success among the ignorant and lowly that he has had. To work among those whom education has brought up to something comparable with European and American conditions is very much easier, and so, naturally, more missionaries are successful in that line. But his success in this direction of personal work is certainly unique in the period that I have been in the mission. No other missionary, so far as I know, has done anything that entitles him to be called successful in this special work. I am sure Brother Marden will meet many souls in Heaven, in the present and in the future, who have either

received from him their first impressions of Christian truth, or who, having received their first impressions elsewhere, have been greatly strengthened and helped on their way to heaven by him."

Miss Shattuck, who has known Mr. Marden for nearly seventeen years in the mission work, writes,—"In severe trials of missionary life he bore himself with peculiar patience, showing a principle, deep and strong, of Christian submission. He went about doing good, and the harvest will yet be seen through long years for his faithful seed sowing."

One thing more she says: "I fully believe he would not have had so long a life, had he remained where as a youth he was in such feeble health, and where the climate is so trying. He *surely* would not have been *so much of a man*, for he developed by the peculiar stress of responsibility resting upon him. Let our young men feel the truth verified,—'He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.'"

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

" His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

" The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

" Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ,
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

THE EXILE'S SONG.[1]

I have wandered away in the world afar;
And the years are many and long;
But the dear old home I ne'er forget,
With its peace, and joy, and song.

In the light and shade, in the toil and strife,
Its vision comes oft to cheer;
And memories sweet reaching o'er the years,
Bring back its scenes so dear.

Again I roam through the fields and woods,
In the garden I gather flowers;
The orchard and shop, the mill and brook,
Share each the happy hours.

[1]These lines were probably written by Mr. Marden while on his last tour among the Taurus Mountains.

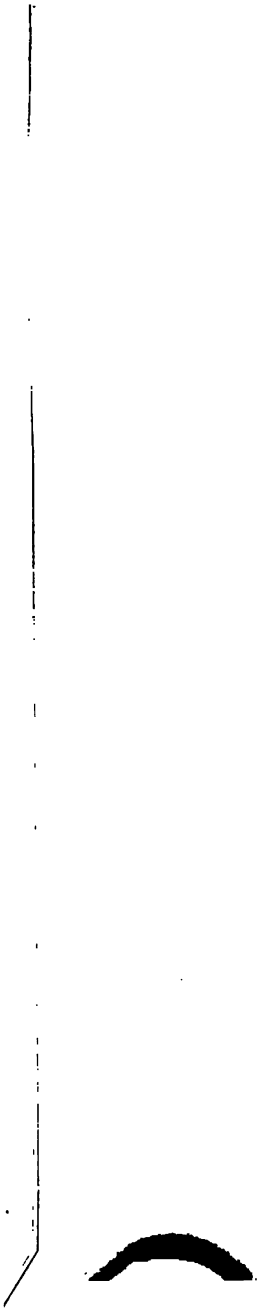
The birds still sing the same old songs,
The skies are as bright and fair;
At even I sit in the fireside group,—
The dear ones all are there.

So oft I dream; but when I wake—
How changed! As birds from their nest
The loved ones are scattered o'er the world,
Or gone long since to their rest;

And the voice of strangers now is heard
In the dear old home far away;
And the precious scenes of the long-gone years
No one knows there to-day.

As I wander on, what sounds so sweet
Come floating to my ear?
'T is "Home, sweet home!" I know it well,—
The voice of the loved ones I hear.

They are calling home in the angels' song,
To the sweeter home above:
"Come, wanderer, come, and roam no more;
Come rest where all is love."



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